

HOT DOG

THE REGULAR FELLOWS MONTHLY

JUNE 1922

PRICE

TWO BITS



***SAY IT
WITH BRICKS***



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JACK DINSMORE, Editor

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No. 9



DON'T TAKE ME TOO SERIOUS

An Editorial by Jack Dinsmore

LOVE'S FLAPPERS

Reformer Is Bigger Peril Than Vamp, Says Educator

(By United Press)

CHICAGO, Feb. 27—The reformer, not the flapper, is the peril of public schools, according to Professor Frank M. Hunter, who is attending the meeting of the superintendence department of the National Education Association here.

"Parents should not forget the redblooded days of their youth and attempt to force the ideas of young people," he said.

"There are worse things than the modern dance, rolled hose, short dresses and galoshes."

Oh, yes, there are many Protestant ministers in America who are not reformers.

Despite the cans of vitriol that I have flung into the mugs of the preachers from this holy rostrum, I know well that there are many denominational ministers who are not reform fanatics, but true sheperds of God in the sweet tradition of John the Baptist..

Many a Methodist and Presbyterian and especially Episcopalian minister have I met whose influence in his community is an influence for kindliness and piety and charity and not an influence for putting cigarette smokers in jail.

A BROAD JUMPER IS NOT NECESSARILY A LADIES' MAN.

There are learned men in Protestant pulpits of America; men whose acquaintance with the Golden Book has taught them the sweet humility of the Apostles.



But American Protestantism has been overrun with ranters of the Rev. Wilbur Crafts type and the Rev. John Roach Straton type, who occupy themselves not with religion but with politics.

“Multiply,” the Bible instructs us. You obey, and the damned kids grow up and sharpen their pencils with your safety razor.

The field of education, too, has been overrun by denominational reformers to the detriment of the minds of our youth. It is very unfortunate that many of our universities are denominational universities and corrupt all their courses with the boodle of capitalist endowments and the poison of blue-law restrictionism. The ordinary public school superintendent of today is only too often an underpaid denominationalist, starved out of life and out of sympathy with life.

Here, however, is Professor Hunter, an educator who puts into the craft of teaching that most essential ingredient—Sympathy.

TREAT ME ROUGH

Listen, Sweetheart, to my plea,
Cut this highly cultured game;
All this fine gentility
Grows to be dod-gasted tame;
What I want is lowbrow love,
Heavy, knockdown, caveman stuff;
I'm no cooing turtle dove—
Treat me rough, Kid, Treat me rough!

Sunday school red-bloodedness is like winking at a pretty girl in the dark. No kick.

THE JOYS OF FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a lovely thing.

What can be more ennobling (this is going to sound like one of those lousy Jack Dinsmore editorials) than the spectacle of two college chumps over their glasses of half and half or two Reformers kissing each other over their Frankfurters and Cream.

Even such, even like David and Jonathan, are my two bosom companions, the Messrs. Paddy McGillicuddy and August Kraut of the Cleveland City Council.

McGillicuddy has been very much ailing lately, you know. Since Prohibition he has been in the hospital about half the time. He has Melancholy of the Stomach, caused by drinking Near Beer.

Paddy has been in the saw-bones foundry so often that I decided that what is parking him there so frequent is not a Delicate Constitution, but Pretty Nurses.

So, as the Bible enjoins us to Visit the Sick, I oozed over to the Bone Emporium the other day to call on Paddy.

When I got to the Head Nurse's desk I found I had to wait. Councilman Kraut was there before me.

"Miss," chirped the devoted August, "how's my friend Councilman McGillicuddy, and could I maybe see him?"

"Councilman McGillicuddy is convalescing."

"All right, Miss, please tell him that when he's through his friend Kraut would like to come up."

I couldn't make head nor tail of the whole conversation.

THE CROOL ARM OF THE LAW



On a beautiful sunrise morning last week I came home from a Grand Opening Party given in honor of a barrel of Prune Jack.

I let my suspenders slide and hurtled into my bed, forgetting to pull down the window shade.

The woman across the street had me arrested next morning for Immodest Exposure and I was fined \$31.67, including War Tax.

Revenge! swore I. I watched for my chance. The day before yesterday she forgot to pull her own window shade down and I called a cop.

The cop pinched me for Peeping!

I was fined \$31.67 again.

Ye Gawds!

"Her cheeks have lost their rosy bloom since the Drug Store moved away."

THE BURNING QUESTION OF BOBBED HAIR

An Editorial by Jack Dinsmore

What is the connection between a woman's hair and her virtue?

Our playmates, the preachers, are ranting against bobbed hair.



Ask the first Sunday School Superintendent that you meet what he hates most about our sweeties of 1922 and he will tell you it is their bobbed hair.

Little Ignatz is so dumb he thinks a football coach has wheels.

I take a scavenger's joy in analyzing the sick fanaticisms of the blue-law mongrels.

The only difference between the trim bobbed hair of the nymph of 1922 and the long and lousy tresses of the Dandruff advertisement lady is the difference of novelty.

Youth loves novelty. Healthy, ardent blood naturally turns from the stale and the flyblown to the things that are fresh and vivid.

Look at it calmly. Is short hair any more immoral in itself than long hair? Is syncopated music in itself any more immoral than the waltz? Of course not.

So you see the froth comes to the mouth of the reformer not from alarm for the world's downfall, but from dishwater blood that can not accommodate itself to the freshness and change of this ever-blooming earth.

OH, MARY!

Mary had a little Ram
As brainless as a Goose,
She held him up for all his Wad
And then she turned him loose.

Councilman Kraut will now sing that lovely ballad entitled, "There's room in the hearse for you, dear."

THE VAMP PASSES

Vamp plays are no longer popular with photoplay audiences.

—A Movie Scout

No longer the wife of the hero
 Need swallow a piteous sigh,
And stifle the storm that convulses her form
 As she kisses her husband good-by.
No longer her wife's intuition
 Can waken the fear in her breast
That he's going to decamp with a red-headed Vamp
 On the nine-fifty train for the West.

Oh! The Vamp was a merciless creature,
 Whenever she met a young wife
She would powder her nose, strike an insolent pose
 And sneer (and they sneer like a knife!)
And the kindest and lovingest husbands
 Who never before had backslid
Would lamp at the Vamp like a rah-rahing scamp,
 And coyly observe, "Oh, you kid!"

No opulent home could be happy:
 The Vamp's subterranean stealth
In the very first reel never failed to reveal
 That the husband was rolling in wealth,
And, putting her gauziest dress on,
 She looked and she looked and she looked
At the poor millionaire, who would never beware
 Until he was hopelessly hooked,

I grieve that the Vamp has departed,
 Though, of course, I could never approve
 When she harrowed the lives of those innocent wives
 Still she DID keep events on the move,
 And, watching her witching behavior,
 I have frequently hankered to see
 Just how hard I'd resist if a Vamp should insist
 On working the Vamp stuff on me!

—James J. Montague

In "More Truth Than Poetry."

TELEGRAM SENT BY PROUD PAPA

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SEND the following Telegram, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to.

Form 3

Dear Minnie My wife has just had twins and all our friends
 are coming for baby party by doing same and coming yourself
 you will greatly oblige your loving brother in law Mike.

YOU WILL FORGET ME
A Song for the Parting of Lovers



You will forget me. The years are so tender,
They bind up the wounds which we think are so
deep;

This dream of our youth will fade out as the splendor
Fades out from the sky when the sun sinks to sleep;

The cloud of forgetfulness, over and over
 Will banish the last rosy colors away,
And the fingers of time will weave garlands to cover
 The scar which you think is so painful today.

You will forget me. The woman you burn for
 Will lose all her charm and appeal and surprise,
And the heart which you think is the one that you yearn
 for
... True or untrue, will lose worth in your eyes.
The one drop today that you deem only wanting
 To fill your life-cup to the brim, soon will seem
A valueless toy, and the ghost that is haunting
 The halls of your mind will pass out with the dream.

You will forget me; will thank me for saying
 The words which you think are so pointed with pain.
Time loves a new love, and the dirge he is playing
 Will change for you soon to a livelier strain.
I shall pass from your life—I shall pass out forever,
 And these hours we have spent will be sunk in the
 past,
Youth buries its dead; grief kills seldom or never—
 And forgetfulness covers all sorrows at last.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

There is a preacher in Cleveland who is so rabid about Prohibition he won't even allow his baby to have a wet nurse.

PLAYS AND MOVIES IN NEW YORK

By Jack Dinsmore (Gotham, May 1922)

The Ikes who run the show business in New York have decided at last that What the Public Wants is ART.

Yea Bo. Art is quite the thing today donchaknow? The Mutton-toter which brings me my Coffee And in the morning oozes: "Don't you think that the Bulgarian Futurists have imprisoned the Spirit of Beauty " "Hell no," I reply, "I want it WITHOUT gravy and the sauer kraut on the side."

Greenwich Village is doing a land office business. The swells from West End Avenue strap themselves up in their Sunday glads every night and lope down to Washington Square to partake of Artistic Atmosphere. Result, the Dago and Shonecker geniuses are making a clean-up.

The effect on the theatrical business is something awful. When a Puddle-jumper like my sweet self makes the long trek to Gotham all the way from Ohio what he wants to see on the stage is Plenty of Pretty Legs and lots of tuneful music and a load of breezy Hot Dog comedy.

But nix. No more. Art is what they give us instead. The Goldsteins who run the show-joints have been importing Russian, French and Czhecoslovak masterpieces. Damn their hides.

THEY CALL IT DANCING



Zita Lockford gets plenty of exercise in "The Rose of Stambol."

At the Forty-ninth Street Theatre they are playing (just listen to the name of it) Nikita Balieff's *Chauve Souris*, direct from the Moscow Art Theatre. No, dear readers, I didn't have to go to see it if I didn't want to. But Winnie—well, you see, Winnie is the typical little New York flapper, and when they pipe it to her that a show is *All the Rage* and the Swells are giving it the grand puff, Winnie must be in the swim. That's how I happened to see Nikita Balieff's *Chauve Souris* direct from the Moscow Art Theatre. By the way, the whole show is played in the Russian language.

More Russian Mush: *He Who Gets Slapped* at the Fulton. Great Stuff for Eskimos and Art Lovers. All wrong for me and Winnie.

But I won't go into detail. You will be able to tell what to avoid by the names. Here's the shows you will want to see:

Eddie Cantor and Nan Halperin in "Make It Snappy" at the Winter Garden. Jewish comedians, bare tummies, damphoolishness, life, pep color, old-fashioned fun and new-fashioned girls. I go on record that "Make It Snappy" is the most diverting show now in New York. The best thing about it is that it hasn't got a plot. The Grand Cancer which infests most musical comedies is the convention that they must tell a story.

MA, SHE'S MAKING EYES AT ME!



This is the best part of Alice Brady, who plays in "The Blushing Bride."

Result, the Hired Hands who write the music and librettos have to distort them sixty-nine ways so that they may fit the plot.

Irving Berlin's Music Box Revue at the Music Box is very tuneful and gorgeously presented. But it would be a whole lot better without its Plot and without the act written by that stupid tear-squeezer of yore, George V. Hobart. However, it's a good show if only for the ripsnorting slapstick comedy of Solly Ward, the German comedian. You know, children, every once in a while I bethink myself of the Good Old Days when Burlesque was Burlesque; when it was roughhouse and racy and the Reformer had not yet blown his stinking breath across our amusements. I remember Bickel and Watson and The Beef Trust and Ben Welch. Well, this Solly Ward has all the good old Burlesque virtues.

The two big movies in New York now are Erich von Stroheim's Foolish Wives and Dave Griffith's Orphans of the Storm. I can't rave about either of them. Their chief virtue is that they cost Heavy Jack. Granted, but it takes more than mere sumptuousness to please me.

Charlie Chaplin's latest picture Pay Day is my present favorite. Chaplin is so much deeper and cleverer and more thorough than most of the assorted bums who have floated into the movie business.

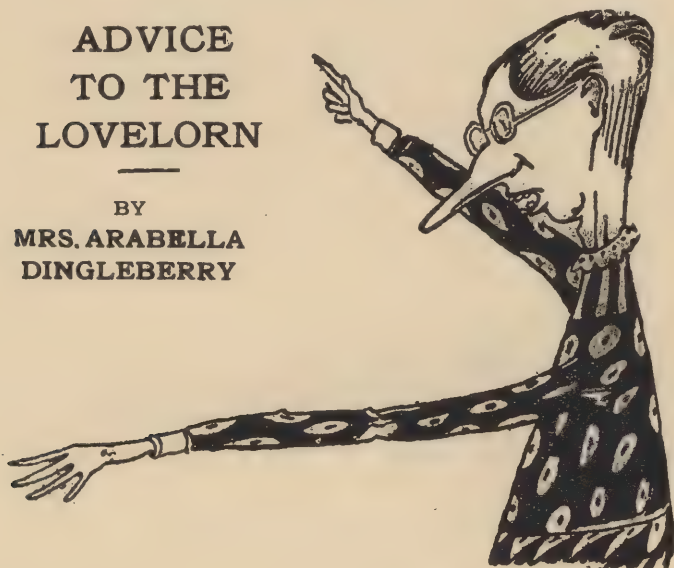
—Excuse me, I hear Winnie rapping at the door.

OVERHEARD AT THE HOT DOG OFFICE:

Salesman Sam Goldberg: "I never eat herrings. The heads stick in my throat."

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

BY
MRS. ARABELLA
DINGLEBERRY



Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Is kissing dangerous? The preacher tells me some terrible things can be caught that way.—Susie Hotstuff.

The preacher is right. That's the way I caught Mr. Dingleberry.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I am a lifesaver. What should I do if I see a reformer drowning outside the five-mile limit?—Stalwart Shapiro.

Drag him out five miles farther and after battling desperately to save his life, sock him in the jaw and swim like hell for shore.

Mushy Marcia: Do you think he took you out riding to see the country?

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: My affianced is a book-worm. Do you think this will interfere with his duties as a husband?—Querulous Queenie.

I can't tell you offhand, Queenie. Here's a way you can find out. Take him to a burlesque show and give him a book to read. If he reads the book, don't marry him.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: My husband is a Methodist missionary. We are going to a wild country where it is the custom to sleep in trees. Do you think we shall like it there?—Mrs. Bluebeak.

If your husband is anything like some preachers we know of, he won't find it hard to drape himself from a tree.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I have proposed to eighteen women during the last month and they all threw me cold. I am very anxious to get married. How do men get wives, anyway?—Nathaniel Nincompoop.

All kinds of ways, Nathaniel. Councilman August Kraut won his Katrina in a crap game.

Frantic Fanny: Take the next train home and bring him with you.

THE SUMMER GIRL IS HERE



This one is Jacqueline Logan of the movies, wearing her "pearl snake" on the beach at Los Angeles.

(Photo by Keystone View Co., New York.)

LOVE AND RELATIVES

I'm out at the home of my Mary
Mary, so young and so fair,
But her father and mother
And sister and brother
And all of the family are there.

I'm now on the sofa with Mary,
Mary, with bright golden hair,
But her father and mother
And sister and brother
And all of the family are there.

I'm in the surf bathing with Mary,
Her form is beyond compare,
But her father and mother
And sister and brother
And all of the family are there.

I'm out in my Ford with my Mary
On a country road—taking the air,
But her father and mother
And sister and brother
And all of the family are there.

—Ben King.

OVERHEARD IN THE HOT DOG OFFICE

DeVinney: Mrs. Dingleberry, are you interested in sports?

Arabella: Oh, yes. I just love to go out with them.

THEM VILLAINOUS EYES



Priscilla Dean does hair-breath escapes and dare-devil leaps in Universal movies.

THE MOVING PICTURE MYSTERY

or

Who Shoveled Off the Director

By Calimachus Balzoff, the Hot Dog Genius

"Quick, Watson," cried the Great Detective, "dust off the asbestos caskets and bring me my bootlegger's disguise. I must away to Hollywood, for Foul Murder has indeed been done!"



"Coming, Sir, coming," answered the ever faithful Watson, as he cast Susie McSquirt, the seductive maid-of-all-work cruelly from his lap.

EXERCISE FOR HEALTH



New York has a new "Health Center" for women who suffer from fat and other disadvantages of a sedentary life.
(Photo by Keystone View Co., New York.)

The next day the Great Detective was in Hollywood.

"Ah," said he, stopping into a house into which great multitudes of people were already beginning to crowd themselves, "this must be the place." He joined the battle and soon was in the room. The contents of the room made his nose blush even redder than its natural color.

On all sides there were lingerie exhibits that would make an ad in the Ladies Home Journal look like an Atlantic Monthly cover.

Teddy bears hung from the mantelpiece; silk nighties were draped about the window shades; all kinds of seductive trappings hung from the chandelier.

"Pardon me, girls," he gasped, as he stumbled over a corset-cover he had overlooked, "far be it from me to dash in on a ladies boudoir unannounced like this. But from somewhere I have unearthed the sweet presentiment that a great movie director has been murdered in this room."

"Hell," cried a Blonde, "whadya mean a presentiment, can't you smell him? Why, they've refused him at the morgue three times this week."

But the Great Detective was not to be turned from his purpose by Wise Cracks. With a speed that would

Little keg of grape juice don't you cry,
You'll be a keg of Dago Red bye and bye.

HASN'T SHE A PRETTY UMBRELLA?



Would you trust your husband anywhere near her?
(Photo by Keystone View Co., New York.)

make Barney Oldfield look like Dr. Crafts hurrying to a burlesque show on Sunday, he burrowed into a pile of Silk Reasons Why Married Men Leave Home.

There, under the Passionate Undies lay the body of the Victim.



Everything at once assumed an air of tragedy.

The cock robins in the trees stopped their song.

Even the cock roaches at his feet were plainly overcome.

BEAUTY WITH A BLEMISH



Gladys Walton, Universal Movie star, would be "the kind of a girl mother told you about" if it weren't for that Hot Dog beauty spot.

Reverently, almost sadly, the Great Detective removed a splintered rolling pin from the head of the deceased. He wrung his hands as he untangled a couple of flat irons from his left ear. He wept as he removed a broken flask from the director's hip.

"Damn the Women," sobbed the Great Detective bitterly, "and to think that he might have passed it around. Ah, this breaks my heart."

Suddenly the Departed One sat up.

"Oh, boy," he groaned, rubbing his aching brow, "that Frau of mine packs a mean wallop all right, but drinking celluloid polish knocks me stiffer than any of her left hooks. If I ever get a hold of that colored waiter who substituted the polish for my Sunnybrook, there's gonna be a star boarder in nigger heaven."

The Great Detective swooned.

VOLSTEAD NURSERY RHYME

Bye Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting
For to get a little skin——
Full of bootlegged moonshine gin.

A SONG FOR JUNE

'Tis June, the glad time when I found thee,
O thou, my sweet flower of love;
The dear olden glamour is round thee,
The same tender sky bends above.
New beauties the summer discloses,
But none that can rival thee now,
Not one of its fairest young roses
Is perfect as thou.

One June brings the red rose of passion
And marks its frail beauty decline,
But June upon June could not fashion
The rose of a face such as thine.
Not long in the gardens of pleasure
Are love's sweetest flowers possessed;
The love that hath leavning measure
Of sorrow is best.

—Tom Daly.

FROM THE DIARY OF A YOUNG LADY ON A
STEAMSHIP VOYAGE TO BERMUDA

June 3rd: One of the young officers had the nerve
to gaze at me.

June 4th: He had the nerve to speak to me.

June 5th: He told me if I wouldn't do as he said,
he'd blow up the ship.

June 6th: I saved four hundred lives.

OO LA LA FERNANDE



Mme. Fernande Diamant, idol of the Frog Johnnies, who is coming to America to try her charms on the shoe drummers.
(Photo by Keystone View Co., New York.)

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCKHEAD

There is rather a cute yarn oozing around this office building about the Rev. William Bulger, famous reformer from downstate Ohio. I'll let you have it just as I heard it for what it's worth.

Bulger has a son who is now about thirty, and I am told that when the son was born the flint-mugged Daddy decided that this particular male baby was going



to be brought up different—Away from the Temptations of the World.

So, as soon as the boy was weaned, the good Rev. placed him on a lonely farm surrounded by insurmountable barbed-wire fences. Here there was plenty of landscape, and Women were unknown.

One Sunday, about fifteen years ago, the Old Heel was calling on his Young Hopeful.

It was in the days before automobiles began to pike out the country roads and the Hicks started to become Half Civilized.

On this particular day, however, one of the first autos ever seen in Wyandot County passed the lonely farm.

Driving the car was a luscious Merry Widow, full of rouge and frills and curves.

"Father, father!" yelled the Deprived Bimbo, pointing at the Girlie, "what's that?"

"That, my son, is a Devil. Come away at once."

"Devil or no, father," replied the youth, with his eyes popping out of his head, "I'll have one of them!!!"

REASONS FOR DRINKING

By Horace, Roman Poet, 50 B. C.

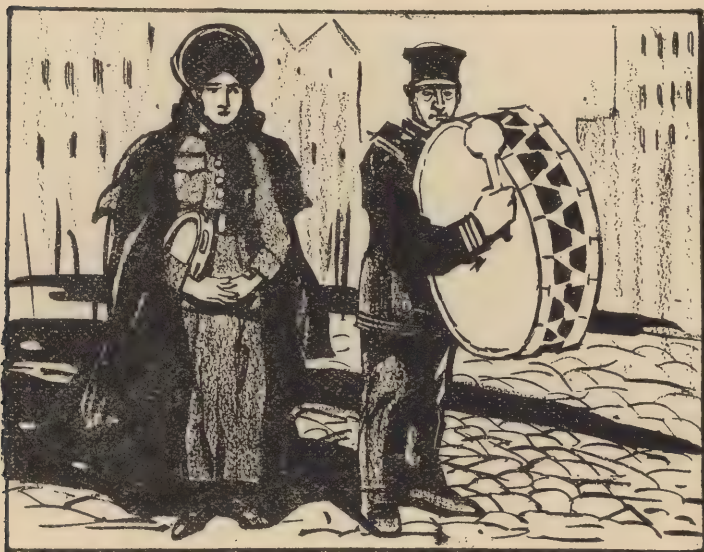
Si bene commemini causae sunt quinque bibendi—
Hospitis adventus, praesens sitis, atque futura,
Aut vini bonitas, aut quae libet altera causa..

My dried-up nozzle makes me think
There are five reasons why we should drink:
Good booze—a friend—or being dry—
Or lest we should be by-and-by—
Or any other reason why.

THE SALVATION ARMY

A Christian Institution

That is what I call it, because these fair-haired girls and youths who beat the drum for God and give bread to the afflicted represent the humble traditions of true Christianity.



The Salvation Army does not mix in politics, as does the Methodist Church South. It is not backed by sanctimonious lumber dealers and reflect the lumber dealer's morality, as does the Y. M. C. A. It does not employ lobbyists, as does the W. C. T. U.

The Salvation Army was born among the slums of London, the most misery-stricken holes in the world.

Seeing Christianity embodied in the fat and fashionable commercialism of the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis of Brooklyn, we are apt to forget that Christ lived among lepers.

The Salvation Army has remembered it.

A very wise man said: "Religion is the Poetry of the Poor." The Salvation Army brings the incomparable poetry of the Testaments to the Street Corner.

It also brings coffee and sinkers and cigarettes.

Surely there was a reason why, during the war, the gentle Salvationists were so popular among our dough-boys and the commercial Y. M. C. A. so unpopular.

I have just been reading an account of the International Congress of the Salvation Army in London from the diary of one of the finest authors now writing English, Havelock Ellis.

At the risk of your calling me a highbrow, I shall quote from the diary:

"There is no effort after holiness in these faces nor any constraint of virtue. They have realized that religion is not a dogma, a creed, a painful obedience to a rule, but just Emotion.

Look at that boy and girl wandering arm-in-arm along Fleet Street, so absorbed in each other's personality, as happily and as sweetly in love as though they were not Salvationists at all, but just mere cannibalistic unconverted Heathens."

J. D.

THE SNIPE SHOOTER'S ROMANCE**A Tale of the Prize Ring****By Jazbo DeVinney**

One Round McSwat was a flea-bitten Bum around a tobacco-spitting Barroom.

This is the story of how he annexed the honorary title of "One Round" McSwat. His mother named him Aloysius—but everyone knows him as One Round.

Gasoline Jimmy Carsons picked him up and told him he could make a Champeen out of him.

McSwat did not get the drift at first. Finally it was pounded into his Solid Skull that Gasoline Jimmy wanted to take off his clothes, doll him up in trunks, a pair of shoes and a pair of gloves and throw him into a ring to do battle.

"All yuh need to do is to do what I tell yuh to do," said Gasoline Jimmy. And that sounded easy enough to McSwat until he found that Carsons wanted him to quit shooting snipes around the barroom because it hurt his wind and to quit bumming drinks from other bums because it made him too heavy.

"BEER WAS NOT MADE TO BE MORALIZED ABOUT, BUT TO BE DRUNK."

—Theodore Maynard.

And then, too, Carsons wanted McSwat to show up at a Gym and let some other Eggs sock him in the Smeller unless he protected himself. And he had to jump rope and play handball and perform other stunts heretofore foreign to the lazy life of the ex-bum.

But there was a glamor about the ring that attracted McSwat. So he put up with this punishment for the satisfaction of appearing before the Applauding Throngs.

McSwat, of course, was not named One Round right at the start. He was just Bum McSwat.

Then one day Gasoline Jimmy, in one of his framed-up fights, sent McSwat against a Cheap Egg who was to do a Nose Dive in the first round so that Gasoline and his Tramp could get a little reputation. The other bum flopped at the right time, and from then on McSwat had the Moniker of One Round McSwat.

Things went well with Gasoline and McSwat for sometime. The Smart Manager was able to get many Tomato Cans to do a flip-flop for his Hanger-On scrapper, and in the papers there appeared much about McSwat.

Ignatz will now sing that beautiful summer song: "I shall put on my white flannel pants and flirt with the wives in the country."

Some dough rolled in, and what Gasoline did not sink in a crap game went to McSwat for services rendered.

Came a time, however, when Gasoline wanted to send his Dude against the Champion.

It was all fixed up with the champ's manager, another crook, for the champ to let McSwat stick to the finish.

Came the night of the battle. McSwat, proud of his new moniker, "One Round," appeared before a houseful of Suckers in a bright green outfit.. He hopped into the ring and poked his flat nose first in this direction and then in that, bowing to the assembled Fish. He was confident.

Came, too, the first round. McSwat stepped out and put up his dukes in front of himself. Came a left from the champion to the belly. Down came the guard. Came over a right from the champion to the jaw. And down went McSwat. The referee could have counted a thousand.

This all happened in the First Round. The fight only lasted one round.

They had forgotten to tell the champ that McSwat was to stick to the finish.

McSwat had lived up to his moniker. He is still known as One Round McSwat.

HOP TO IT

I want to be an actress
And in the movies stand
And get another husband
As soon as one is canned.

"DEAR EDITOR, THEY DON'T EXIST"

Many a reader has written me that.

"Who are these Blue Law Fanatics " I am asked. Are there really such things as preachers who want to prohibit not only cocktails but everything else they can prohibit?

Well, I won't try to answer by argument. I quote below an actual letter received in this office. I have even retained the reverend gentleman's misspellings. The original is on file in my office.

Kansas City, Mo.,
March 4, 1922.

Mr. Jack Dinsmore,
c/o The Merit Publishing Co.,
1005 Ulmer Bldg.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Sir:

I have before me several issues of your disgraceful, obscene and damnable publication, "Hot Dog," in which you stand up for all the evils, impurities, vices and crime that there is in this human race and also denounce all of the good, staunch Christian men who are working to rid this beautiful country of ours of the vices such as Licquor, Public Dance Halls, Woman of the Streets, Rowdy Jazz Music and Gambling. You call them Bluenose and other disgraceful slang phrases.

Before I go any further I want you to know that I did not buy one of these horrible sheets but one of my deacons gave me these.

Why are you against everything decent? Why do you oppose Prohibition? Don't you know it is for the good of this nation? Don't you know there is only 50% of the crime since prohibition that there was before this great Volstead Law went into effect?

You call the Reformers and Ministers who have the nerve to get up **above their fellow men** and cry out to the world what they know is right Bluenoses, Scissorbills, Hatchetfaces, Narrow-minded. I don't know what the first three nausciating terms mean, but let me tell you, you are the narrow-minded people.

If you had seen what I have you wouldn't print such rot. One day I was in my car and I followed a boy and girl who were ahead of me in their car. They drove to a park and I followed them. From a short distance around a curve in the road I could see them hugging each other and playing with each other. It made me feel so bad I cried for a half hour at the thought of just what this generation is coming to.

Now, my dear sir (if you deserve such recognition), **We of the Good** are not going to be defeated. We are going to fight Joy Riding, Jazz Music, Gambling, the Licquor Evil, Corner Gangs and **Smoking** to the finish, even if it takes every ounce of energy in us. **We are for the good of the Nation, the World and the People.**

Yours truly,

(With apologies to myself for even conversing with you)

REV. HUFFARD C. BOWERS,

Pastor of the Forest Ave. Methodist Church,

President of the Kansas City Methodist Association,

Member of the Anti-Saloon League,
4120 Forest Ave.,

Kansas City, Mo.

***Too Many Heels
Running Around
Footloose***

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